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Trinity Tablet, March 19, 1881

Trinity College

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THE TRINITY TABLET.

VOL. XIV.

HARTFORD, CONN., SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1881.

NO. III.

THE TRINITY TABLET.

*Published every three weeks during term-time by
the Students of*

TRINITY COLLEGE.

BOARD OF EDITORS—CLASS OF '82.

Managing Editor, ERNEST F. HENDERSON
Business Editor, GEORGE D. HOWELL.

SEAVER M. HOLDEN, AUGUSTUS P. BURGWIN,
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should be addressed to

THE TRINITY TABLET,
P. O. DRAWER 20, HARTFORD, CONN

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of Brown & Gross, 79 Asylum St., and S. W. Barrows
& Co., 256 Main St., and at J. F. H., Trinity College.*

THE old order of things with us, in many respects, is passing away. One by one, improvements are being made in our college curriculum. Annual examinations have been left behind in our onward march; lectures are taking the place of uninteresting recitations; changes are taking place in the studies themselves; but what we particularly notice is that contributions are pouring into the TABLET. No longer do we hear the cry "the students do not support their paper." The students do support their paper, and we thank them for their aid. May they continue as they have begun. Although we cannot accept everything that is offered, it is well that a surplus supply of material should exist. The interest in the TABLET seems to be increasing. The Editors are beginning to look forward to the time when their duties will consist solely in selecting the best from a large number of excellent contributions; when they, them-

selves, need never write *paper-fillers*, and when the office of Editor will be as honorable as ever, but a sinecure.

THE Juniors may congratulate themselves upon the fact that they have still the Lectures upon German Literature in anticipation. We learn that it is Prof. Richardson's intention to deliver them shortly. There is also a rumor that Prof. Hart is about to lecture upon Roman Antiquities and Literature, which we trust will turn out to be more than a mere conjecture.

THE Lenten season is now upon us, and with it comes an accompanying spirit of quietness in the College world. There is very little going on, and very little to be talked about. The six weeks preceding Easter might not inaptly be called the "dark ages" as far as College news and excitement are concerned. We look forward with a great deal of interest to the necessary revival of gaiety and pleasure when this season is over. Then spring will have already appeared; the fields will be covered with their flowery carpet of green, and the festive student will discard the drooping ulster and squander his patrimony in purchasing his spring suit. We shall then begin to look forward to the joys of the spring recess, and thank our lucky stars that we are not compelled to shudder at the near approach of the by-gone annuals. From this, our thoughts will run on to class-day and commencement, and the unutterable laziness and luxury of Lazy Week. Perhaps it would be a good plan to turn our attention to study, now there is nothing else to do.

MUCH dissatisfaction has prevailed among the members of the Senior class, since the beginning of the term, at the large quantity of writing which they were required to

do in the different departments of their study. A petition was sent in to the Faculty, and the causes of their complaint, we are happy to state, have been to a great extent removed. Prof. Johnson has excused them from some of their work with him, Dr. Bolton no longer requires the Chemistry Lectures to be artistically written out and placed on file, and in the other departments, also, the quantity of writing has been reduced about one-half. This is a step in the right direction. There can be no doubt that the work of Senior year has heretofore been too laborious. The copying of lectures has taken a great deal of valuable time, which might have been more advantageously employed in some other way, and this, together with the extra themes, orations, poems, etc., required, has rendered the life of the weary Senior miserable indeed.

WE are very sorry to remark the spirit of antagonism which at present prevails among several of the college journals. The Cornell *Era* and *Sun* have been for some time at swords points with each other, and neither one of them seems inclined to exercise their charity sufficiently to allow the other to have the last word. The Yale *Record* also is involved in a slight misunderstanding with the *News*. The *Record* charges the *News* with misstating certain facts, and the *News* retaliates by calling the *Record* to account for the same offence.

These disputes are very unfortunate, and should be avoided as much as possible, especially between papers emanating from the same college. In our opinion, a spirit of brotherly sympathy and friendship should exist among all college journals. These contentions do the papers themselves no good, and may injure each other to no inconsiderable extent. Again, aside from the general unpleasantness connected with these affairs, they necessitate the filling of the columns of the dissensious paper with a large amount of controversial matter which is of no possible interest to anyone but the editors themselves, thereby causing a perceptible diminution in the amount of entertainment required by the reader. We ourselves have been in times past engaged in these unfortunate disputes, and have seen the folly of them. We therefore advise all the contending journals to shake and be friends.

THE custom of having class suppers is one that we should like to see revived at Trinity. We have at present no regular entertainments of this kind, and we greatly feel the need of them in brightening with their gait and pleasure the otherwise dull monotony of the college year. Now that the Freshman bum has departed—alas! we have nothing left but the Lemon Squeezer supper, and that takes place only at an interval of two or three years.

These class suppers add greatly to the unity and fellow feeling in the respective classes, and this class spirit is a bond of union which should not be overlooked. The class of eighty were wont to have festive gatherings very often during their Senior year, not perhaps, strictly speaking, class suppers, but something similar, and we can not deny that their effect was very noticeable in the remarkable unity existing among the members of that class.

At Harvard, Yale, and several other of our sister colleges, class suppers are much in vogue, and when they are managed properly are productive of a great deal of practical good. The speeches at these entertainments are usually very witty and amusing, even though they be not, perhaps as polished and instructive (?) as our "forensics" and "original orations." Poems, also, are sometimes delivered, and the songs which are sung by the assembled class, are not indeed the *least* enjoyable feature of the occasion.

After the Lenten season is over, and the College has once more assumed its natural, joyous appearance, let us see if something cannot be done in the way of reviving these social and delightful gatherings. They certainly can do no harm and may furnish some pleasure.

WITHOUT entering upon a learned discussion as to the merits and demerits of the system of instruction by means of Lectures, we may be allowed to give expression to the great pleasure, and, we trust, profit also, which we have experienced from the few series of Lectures which we are permitted to enjoy during our college course. Friday, with the Bishop Williams Lectures, comes as a bright oasis in the dull and somewhat monotonous round of daily grinding

from text-books. Suppose we should have to dig our ideas and knowledge of History out of the ordinary text-books in common use, which state accurately enough the birth and death of such a king, and the place and time at which such a battle was fought,—would we from such instruction gain the real knowledge and understanding of what History is and what it teaches, such as we do obtain from the Bishop's Lectures? It would be an unpardonable oversight on our part, if, in speaking upon this subject, we should neglect to mention the interest and delight with which we, and, we take for granted, all former classes have listened to the Lectures which Dr. Brocklesby has delivered upon the studies in his department; we are persuaded that we do not in the least exaggerate when we say that some of the brightest hours of our whole course have been spent at the Doctor's Lectures, and we shall doubtless bear away with us many pleasant as well as profitable recollections of them. In Senior year the popularity of Dr. Bolton's courses of Lectures only go to prove the universal feeling in favor of this manner of instruction, and if Dr. Pyncheon would but favor the class with a course of Lectures upon Metaphysics, we have no doubt that the interest in and the profit arising from this branch would be increased materially.

WE publish in the present number of the TABLET, a communication from one of the College authorities in relation to the Library. In as far as the communication goes it is eminently satisfactory, and the only criticism to be made upon it is that it scarcely goes as far as we should desire. But the main facts to which we called attention, namely, the non-existence of new books and the mystery enshrouding the \$30,000 Fund of many aliases, have not been touched upon by our correspondent, nor have the most diligent inquiries instituted by the Board of Editors succeeded in throwing any further light upon the subject in question. We submit that the books, which we are told the Library has purchased of late, scarcely come under the designation of new books, as we referred rather to the subject matter than to the binding or printing, and we will hazard the statement that the list given us contains no work which has not been in existence

for at least ten years, if not more. If the College has not the requisite funds for purchasing books, it would be, to say the least, exceedingly bad taste to find fault with them for not performing that which does not lay within their power, but in our trusting simplicity we supposed that the publication of so eminent a body of Divines and Scholars as our Faculty would be especially characterized by that noble quality for which the late G. Washington was so justly distinguished. In the conversations which we have had with various members of the Faculty, and which, as they were of rather a private than an official nature, we do not feel justified in publishing, we have arrived at the conclusion that they, the Faculty, are, at least in some cases, as much in the dark as to the existence of the Library Fund as we are ourselves. Doubtless now, that the TABLET has had the pleasure of bringing the matter to their attention, a diligent search has been instituted for the long lost and much desired B. etc. etc. Fund, and our duty seems only to sit patiently by and await further results. In closing we desire to say that, though we hope for still better results in the future, yet we are not ungrateful for what has been already done, and especially should we congratulate ourselves upon the proposed addition to the department of English Literature, as here we feel not only the want of new books, but old books as well.

NOW that the warm weather is at hand, we must consider how we shall make ourselves as comfortable as possible. One of our greatest pleasures is to congregate in the afternoons and evenings and either sing or talk. There has hitherto been one cause which has, in a great measure, debarred us from this seemingly innocent enjoyment. We have absolutely no facilities for congregating. One of the requisites for a social out-door gathering is something to sit on. A broad-topped fence would be the perfection of comfort. When the small fence at either end of the Campus was built, we thought our wishes were to be gratified. For a time the top bars of the fence were smooth, and, although the seats thus furnished were rather narrow, they did well enough. But, alas! one day there came men with sharp instruments and manipulated the fence so

successfully, that a bird could scarcely alight on it—a knife-edge would be almost as comfortable a resting place. We grieved, but held our peace. We contented ourselves with the cold, hard stone of our section entrances, or risked our lives on the grass which was too often moist. By degrees we ceased to sing as gaily as before, and it is a well known fact that our singing is not now what it used to be. Why should this state of affairs go on? Why should the moon, on summer nights, shine down upon an empty Campus? Why should our voices cease to waken, with their joyful merry tones, the echoes of our College home? Why should we all disperse and seek our desolate apartments as soon as evening falls? Let us petition the Faculty to build us a broad-topped fence, or at least, to grant us wooden benches on which to rest our wearied limbs. When we make petitions we are told like pleading infants that all will come in time. In time for what? In time to see our graduated backs turned towards our Alma Mater and her new adornments; in time to see our voices that needed training, grown husky and cracked with age; in time to see our brains, which should have been stocked with stores of pleasing imagery drawn from our College library, filled with constant, practical worry; in time to see our blood, which so often needed warming at a cheerful, open fire, clogged and chilled; in time to see our frames, which should have been stretching on a broad-topped wooden fence, cramped and stiffened, bending and forlorn. O, we could weep for such a state of things! To ask for bread and be told that our children will be fed. But enough. Indeed, we will venture to say that our children themselves, when reclining under the leafy boughs that will some day adorn our campus, or straddling a fence as fine as we could wish, will yet be grumbling as we are at present.

INTERCOLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The *Acta Columbiana* has decided to abandon its project of forming an Intercollegiate Press Association. Under the circumstances there was nothing else to be done.

The co-operation of a large number of journals is essential to the formation of such an association. The *Acta* has labored long and heartily to bring about this object, and at last declares in a dignified and straightforward way, that there is no hope of present success. Now that the project has been dropped, let us take a visionary view of what might have been.

The association has been organized and almost all of the first-class papers are represented; those that at first refused are now petitioning in vain to be allowed to join. The association has proved a grand success. Newspapers rave over it, the illustrated monthlies publish likenesses of the officers. The I. P. A. has a vast, commanding influence throughout the college world, and throughout the common world. But lately men's mouths were full of the swift and terrible judgment that its grand tribunal passed on one of its associated journals for publishing an unfair piece. Thus ran the verdict: The accused, being found guilty, shall first be censured by the I. P. A. Then the accused shall be condemned to pay a fine of _____ dollars, said number of dollars to be expended in founding a college where men may study in peace; where noisy, romping girls shall be rigorously excluded, and where the hated word "co-education" is never to be mentioned. Great praise was given the tribunal for such a fair and just decision. But now what means this stir! What is every one agog about? Why, about the latest movements of the I. P. A. The association has offered a prize for the best article to be written by any of the allied editors. That is nothing new, you will say. Williams, Vassar and a hundred other colleges have done the same among their students. Ay, but here we have the sifted excellence of all these institutions. The brightest men in college always run the papers. Here we have a competition between those who are to be the literary Electric Lights of this our darkened country. Our future statesmen, poets and philosophers are all represented in this great contest.

The day has come for the award. A dense crowd surrounds the magnificent New Haven office of the I. P. A. College presidents and eager parents talk in hurried tones about the prospects of some darling son. Newspaper

reporters, foreign correspondents and curious individuals run wildly round as is their wont, trying to learn something where nothing can be learned. Not even thus or in so great numbers are accustomed to assemble at New London or Saratoga, the spectators of the annual boat-race. Ah! how much grander is the present occasion than that one. The latter is a struggle in which the best sinews and most careful training will find success,—the former, a contest in which the palm will be given to genius that surpasses all others. But hark! a thrill goes through the crowd as, from the window of the splendid building, issues a member of the I. P. A. clad in his robes of office. He stands on the marble balcony and faces the grand stand. He reads the judges' award. To Mr. Smintheus of the *Acta Columbianana*, we give this silken flag. May he ever keep it clean. Look at this flag gentlemen, spit on it if you dare! it is the banner which belongs to Genius. May it wave for ever! A great united cheer goes up from the excited multitude. The victor is sought for and at last discovered crouching in a dark corner. He is raised on the shoulders of a wildly admiring crowd. His name is shouted by ten thousand voices. Cannons boom and bon-fires blaze. A hundred telegraph lines are wiring the news to a hundred distant lands. Full many a telephone bursts with the volume of sound that is forced into it by too previous individuals. O glorious I. P. A. that can rouse such enthusiasm!

TAY BRIDGE.

I.

The morning bright bathed, with its light,
The verdant banks of Tay;
The twittering swallows skimmed along
The waters, in their play;
The while, a Scottish wanderer I
To Tayport bent my way.

II.

I saw the bridge, as from the ridge
I looked the waters o'er;
A mighty work it seemed to me,
That stretched from shore to shore;
But, in the midst, there was a gap,
That puzzled me full sore.

III.

And, as I stood and pondered thus,
An ancient Scot drew near,

And him I asked to solve my doubts.
But seemed he not to hear:
For a little space, he hid his face;
Then wiped away a tear.

IV.

"Did'st ask," quoth he, "guid sir, the cause
The brigg is trod nae mair?
Aweel, it is a direfu' tale,
That pierces me right sair;
For 'twas on that night, in awfu' plight,
My Geordie perished there!"

V.

"Puir laddie! He did little ken
Wha evil wad betide!
For he was comin' hame that day,—
He and his winsome bride.
But a cruel wraith o'ertook them baith;
Thegither there they died.

VI.

"That lee-lang day the storm held sway:
The rain and sleet fell fast;
The wind, it blawed a hurricane;
On shore the waves were cast;
And ever o'er our heads, the clouds
Were sailing swiftly past.

VII.

"The moon, at night, shone cauld and bright
On yon grey, massive pile;
The eager waters foamed beneath,
Wi' grim and ghastly smile;
And the Edinboro' train rolled on
Its slaw-decreasing mile.

VIII.

"I watched it, as it crept along;
I see'd its lanterns glare;
I thought o' Geordie and his lass:
I ken't they wad be there;
I heard the gale: my cheek grew pale:
I prayed an earnest pray'r.

IX.

"Slaw, as wi' pain, rolled on the train,
And left the southern shore:
It scarce had reached the centre span,
When, wi' the thunder's roar,
There cam fu' fast a mighty blast,
That swept the river o'er.

X.

"It struck the brigg wi' fearfu' strength!
Waes me! The unco sight!
There straight uprose high in the air
A flash o' lurid light.
Then the waters quenched the yellow flames,
And a' again was night.

XI.

"O lang I waited, but in vain :
 My bairns did ne'er arrive.
 The moon shone thro' the rifted clouds :
 I see'd the waters strive
 Wi' the ruined heap, that filled the deep.
 Nae soul was left alive !"

XII.

His tale was told. The Scotchman old
 To hide his grief was fain ;
 He turned away in silent mood,
 And left the heathy plain.
 With moistened eye, I watched him go,
 And longed to soothe his pain.

XIII.

I've traversed oft old Scotland's braes ;
 Full well her shores I know ;
 From highland lochs to lowland meads,
 Where Tweed and Solway flow ;
 But I never heard, in all my walks,
 So sad a tale of woe.

C. W. C.

AN INTERVIEW.

Several days ago there appeared in one of the Hartford dailies this startling item :

The *Jug*—a paper published by the Junior Class of Trinity College will soon make its appearance.

"The *Jug*? A new paper at Trinity?"
 "Is the TABLET to have a rival?"

Alas, we were unable to answer. We were as completely in the dark as the famous brother of Aaron was on a well known occasion, several centuries ago. The next day the same paragraph, somewhat altered, but still recognisable, appeared in the *Courant*. This seemed to settle matters, so with characteristic promptness a TABLET reporter was immediately dispatched to ferret out the editor of the *Jug*, and learn all the facts possible about the new publication. After a long, wearisome search the Managing Editor was discovered quietly disjoining peanuts in his luxurious apartments in Jarvis Hall. As our reporter entered, he rose gracefully from his chair, and, with that inexpressible grace for which editors are proverbially famous, waived him to a seat on a broken-backed, springless sofa which was probably an heirloom (without the hair.)—and begged him in a business-like manner to state briefly the object of the meeting. "I have called," said the knight of the scissors, "to learn all I can about the new

paper. The college is in a state of ferment. Everybody is paralyzed with excitement. The *Jug*—what is it?"

THE JUG!

"Well sir, to begin with, the *Jug* is a fact, —a veritable fact. It is intended to make it a paper which shall voice properly the sentiments of Trinity College. And while it is with very great reluctance that we undertake this work, we do so feeling confident that it will supply a want long felt. The TABLET has misrepresented Trinity quite long enough."

ITS AIMS!

"What are its aims?"

"That's just precisely what I am coming to—its aims. Well they are high-lofty-elevated—way up. It will be the *ne plus ultra* of college papers and will undoubtedly, sir, create a revolution in the college world."

A NEW WRINKLE!

"In what manner is all this to be accomplished—may I venture to interrogate?"

"Well we are going to adopt an entirely new plan. Our Literary Department is to be one of our strongest points. We shall put it under the charge of a genius who can write with the delicate fancy of the Harvard man, the rare wit of the Columbian and the biting sarcasm of the Yale-ite, and can produce as a result of the combination a beautiful treatise on *George Eliot's Place in Literature or the Moral Influence of Christianity Historically Considered*. Such an article, I am inclined to presume, would be very little of a slouch."

THE LIBRARY FUND FOR INSTANCE!

"How are you going to work up your editorials so as to please everybody?"

"Oh, that's simple enough. You TABLET men don't understand the secret of editorials—you keep firing away on such hackneyed subjects as the foot-ball crew and the Cricket Nine, and the Athletic Prospects this year, until you will make people ill. Now, if I may be allowed the expression, there is precisely where you make the mistake. You must go beyond the Campus for your subjects if you wish to interest those outside of the college walls."

BOTH SIDES!

"The *Jug* will endeavor to take both sides on all the questions of the day. It will treat (good! cried the reporter in parenthesis) it

will treat I say of politics, the Irish question, civil service reform, all the topics of the day. It may even once in a while point out the advisability of running a street car line out to Rocky Hill. That's the way to do it—bring in out-side questions—and discuss them learnedly. You don't think that's the province of a college paper? You don't eh? That's just where you're wrong. See?"

THE CHIMNEY QUESTION!

"Do you think it was exactly right to block up—I mean do you think the *Jug* will meet with the popular approval?"

"Well I should rather say so," remarked the Managing Editor. "Who, pray, can take offence? Our Personals will be prosaically elegant; our Particles will be constructed so as to hit no one; and we shall please the faculty by carefully refraining from all comment at any time, in any way, on anything. Every body will be satisfied. Every Freshman shall be president of his class in large type. Yes, the Freshmen are to be our special charges, and we will write them up in bold style, if we have to run out a Sunday Supplement to do it."

EWER PAPER!

"But why did you ever give it such a peculiar name? A *Jug* is so painfully suggestive of Bacchanalian revels and Mulberry Street by night. It seems very much out of place in such a dim, religious college as Trinity."

"So one might think, and yet after all there is really very little in the mere name of a paper. The *Index*, you know never points anywhere. The *Cornell Sun* is so dull and cold that it might just as well be called the *Cornell Moon*. And so with the *News*; whoever thinks of looking for news in the great Yale daily? Our patent duplex *Jug* on the other hand will pour forth a flood of wit, eloquence and logic. It will empty out poetry, personals and particles in rich profusion. Scathing criticism will be splashed up against everything that needs correction. Literary articles will flow like champagne from our *Jug*—clear sparkling and—Extra Dry suggested the reporter, kindly finishing out the sentence. That will do for that."

VOLUNTARY CHAPEL!

"It is with mingled sensations of awe and admiration that I now venture to ask your

opinion on such a theme as the liberty of the press. On this question, the *Jug* I fancy will hardly take a gallery seat."

"You are quite right, sir, the *Jug* won't! we feel that the palladium of the American Constitution must ever be guarded with jealous care.

'Here shall the Press the people's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain.'

Well, as I was saying, our *Jug* will be no ephemeral *Jug*, as it is founded on the strong foundations of Truth and Cheek. It cannot die. It shall flourish unhurt amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds! I guess I'll have to put that in the Prospectus."

MATTER O' MONEY!

"And now to finish, what might be the damage on a number of your immortal publication?"

"Ah, now the conversation is taking a more practical turn. Well, we have put the price low so that the *Jug* might be within the reach of all. It will cost you the small sum of a dime—that's all—ten round pennies, two flat nickels, or a small silver coin."

APRIL FIRST!!

"And the first issue?"

"The *Jug* will undoubtedly make its debut on the first day of next month—April I believe they call it. I have no hesitation in announcing this officially. For further information please see daily papers, but April 1st you can count on." Our reporter sighed and swore unutterable things, as he picked up his Dunlap and made for the door. "Good bye," cried the Editor, the *Jug* will be for sale at"—but two flights of stairs were already between the reporter and the managing editor of the Trinity College *Jug*.

O—!

Think of summer's haze
When Winter storms are raging;
Think of peaceful days,
When bitter war is waging;
Such thoughts can do no harm,
They aid the soldier's arm.

BUT—!

Think of maidens fair
When in your class reciting;
Think of golden hair
When for your paper writing;
And if you can proceed,
Why then, you're brave indeed!

COMMUNICATIONS.

[Communications upon current topics are invited for this column. It is expected that they shall be written in a courteous tone. The writers full name, as well as is *nom de plume*, must accompany the article. The editors do not necessarily approve the opinions expressed.]

THE ATHENÆUM FUND.

To the Editors of the Tablet :

As the only member of the old Athenæum now resident in College, I venture to ask you to allow me to correct a false impression which would be gathered from your complaint that the income of the College Library funds is not duly expended. The Athenæum Fund consists of \$300, presented to the College by the Society at the time of its dissolution in 1870, with the understanding that the annual interest should be appropriated to the purchase of books, preference being given to historical works. This has been faithfully done, and ten years' income, amounting to \$180, has enabled us to add to the historical alcoves of the Library some sixty volumes of new and useful books. They include, among others, Freeman's Norman Conquest, Rawlinson's Ancient Monarchies, Mommsen's Rome, Curtiss's Greece, Froude's England and Ireland, Smith's Ancient History, and Hook's Archbishops of Canterbury. I am glad to call attention to this, as it shows how a comparatively small fund can soon prove itself a great benefit.

It may not be amiss to remind your readers that, at the last Commencement, a committee was appointed by the Convocation to expend this year's income of the Alumni Library Fund, (some \$120,) and to say that the committee are expecting to devote the greater part of the sum at their disposal to the purchase of works of English Literature.

S. H.

THE GYMNASIUM.

To the Editors of the Tablet :

After reading the last number of the TABLET, I strolled over to the Gymnasium to try and discover why it is so seldom used.

On entering the beautiful edifice I was struck by a blast of cold air that almost froze my blood within my veins; as I looked around, I wondered where the apparatus was. "The huge dumb bells that lament in silence over days that are gone" must have departed with

the before mentioned days, for they are no longer visible to the naked eye. The rowing-weights are without anything to sit on, and several of the ropes are broken.

The one redeeming feature of the place is the fact that there are two pairs of clubs, just think, two pairs of clubs! but no dumb-bells. Well, well! we can't expect to have everything, so let us wait until we get some new books for our Library and then perhaps something can be done for our beloved and time-worn Gymnasium. If "utility is its strong point" then it must be considered as weak as an infant.

W. H. A.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

FRESHMAN CRICKET ELEVEN.

At a late meeting of the Freshman Class, a Cricket Eleven was organized, with E. L. Purdy as Captain.

COACHING CLUB.

The members of the Coaching Club are looking to the warmer weather, when they hope to be able to make use of the Tally-ho.

IVY.

The *Ivy* has been in press for some time. A delay has been experienced, new type having been sent for, but the editors expect to have it out by the 1st prox.

HEKTOGRAPH.

The Senior Class have purchased a Hekto-graph, and purpose hereafter to duplicate Dr. Bolton's lectures by this ingenious process, and so save the tremendous labor of each man making a pen and ink copy.

DR. BROCKLESBY'S LECTURES.

Dr. Brocklesby commenced on Wednesday, the 16th, a course of lectures to the Juniors, on the History of Astronomy. This course is to supplement the regular text book course, and will be as valuable as interesting.

UNION SERVICES.

On every Tuesday evening during Lent, Union Services will be held at St. John's Church. The preacher for next Tuesday is the Rev. Father Hall, of Church of the Advent, Boston. The Trinity College Glee Club compose the Choir.

GYMNASIUM.

The Gymnasium is beginning to be well patronized by those who are trying for positions on the Eleven. The windows of the Gymnasium have been protected by cross pieces, so that the players can practice both bowling and batting.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

Wednesday, the 2nd inst., being Ash Wednesday, all recitations were omitted. The Holy Communion was celebrated after the morning service, and full Evening Prayer was read at 5 P. M. The short interval between the two services was much enjoyed by the students.

LECTURES.

During the Lenten season Bishop Williams will give a course of lectures at Christ Church. The first one was given on the 11th inst., and they will continue to be given on every succeeding Friday afternoon. The subject of the course is an Exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

CHIMES OF NORMANDY.

On Thursday, the 10th inst., Messrs. Rogers, '80, Miller, Mason and White, '81, Trowbridge and Thompson, '83, took part in an amateur performance of the "Chimes of Normandy" at Springfield. The preceding evening "Pinafore" was given, with Mason, '81, as the Admiral.

LATIN THEMES.

The Juniors have been indulging, of late, in the highly intellectual amusement of Latin Themes. This having been substituted by Prof. Hart for the Saturday morning recitation, in connection with reading Latin at sight. The subject of the last Theme was "The Use and Abuse of Satire."

AHEAD OF TIME.

On Wednesday, the 9th inst., some of the Freshmen were so deluded by the balmy air, as to think that Spring had actually arrived, and so they appeared with white hats, etc. The cold of the succeeding day soon convinced them of their mistake and the spring hats retired, to appear again under more favorable auspices.

COMMONS.

The success of the dining room as it is now carried on is entirely owing to the

promptness with which bills are paid. The fact that we have succeeded so far in running the Commons ourselves, is proof positive that it can be done by careful supervision. The present management anticipate no trouble so long as the students make their cash payments regularly in advance.

THE COLLEGE GERMAN.

The last "German" was given on Shrove Tuesday, and fully answered the expectations of everyone. The leader was Mr. George Howell. The attendance was larger than usual, as this was the final festivity of the winter season. Seminary Hall, being of convenient size, was, as usual, the hall chosen. These "Germans," occurring as they do, every few weeks, bring a great deal of pleasure into our college life.

CRICKET MEETING.

A Cricket Meeting was held in the Greek Room on the 3rd inst. It was decided that the whole College should be admitted to the Association to be known as the Trinity College Cricket Association. A committee was appointed to report at the next meeting on Constitution and By-laws. Messrs. Mason and Bohlen were chosen to represent the Association in case a meeting was held of the Inter-Collegiate Cricket Association.

JUNIOR STANDING.

The Junior Standing was published on Tuesday, March 1st. Its advent, as usual, was eagerly looked for. Early in the day, a bogus list was placed upon the bulletin, and after a long and careful examination the Secretary of the Faculty decided that it was not genuine. The following are the men from whom the Phi Beta Kappa of next year will be taken:

Messrs. Reineman, Holden, Hamilton, Coleman, Henderson, Watson, Gowen, Coit, Goodrich, Hotchkiss.

The maximum of the class was 6175, and the highest attained 5995.1.

CO-EDUCATION IMMINENT!

A lecture was delivered Saturday, March 12th, by H. Carrington Bolton, Ph. D., to the ladies of the Saturday Morning Club. The lecture was held in the Chemical room, and was illustrated by numerous stereopticon views. The subject was "Fossils." At the close of Dr. Bolton's long and instructive

discourse a large bouquet was presented to him by the ladies as a token of their regard, and as a votive offering to the Doctor's genius. This lecture was enjoyed by but two of the stern sex, viz: Dr. Bolton and Mr. Gallaudet, who assisted him. There is no doubt but that more would have been present had the invitations been less exclusive.

DOINGS AT OTHER COLLEGES.

COLUMBIA.

The President of the college has been taking very severe measures against the editors of the "*Columbiad*." Some of the allusions in the magazine gave offense to the Faculty, and the editors were obliged to write an apology, which was read by the President, in chapel, before the whole college.

The Faculty have forbidden the sophomore class to celebrate their "Burial" this year on the campus. As about five hundred dollars has been raised for this celebration, it is to be expected that a disturbance of some kind will ensue.

Harvard has challenged Columbia to a four mile straight away race, time and place to be agreed upon.

HARVARD.

The Harvard crew average about 172 lbs. in weight, and 5 ft. 10 inches in height. Columbia desires to row against Harvard, and there is every prospect that the race will be arranged.

The *Crimson* favors New London as the permanent place for Harvard-Yale regatta.

Thomas Carlyle accepted the degree of LL.D. from Harvard, in 1875: Whately, Lyell, Holland, Hallam, Guizot, Baron Napier, J. S. Mill and Martineau all received honorary degrees from the same college.

The Sophomores are petitioning for more instructors in the department of theme writing.

PRINCETON.

It seems that they are beginning to appreciate morning chapel at Princeton. The *Lit.* thus discourses upon the subject: "It has its uses. It cultivates self-control. It swells the doctor's bills by increasing dyspepsia.

It is conducive to early rising, and is splendid practice for a hundred-yards dash." Thus we see every thing has some good to be extracted from it.

The English game "Hare and Hounds," is gaining favor at Princeton. Several runs have taken place.

YALE.

The proposed foot ball game with Princeton has been abandoned. Princeton declines to surrender the championship even though she be beaten, and Yale under these circumstances declines to play a game which must be barren of results.

The glee club, during Easter vacation, will sing in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Washington.

The *Graphic* says that Pres. Porter has abolished Sunday morning chapel, because it seriously interferes with Saturday evening poker.

The average weight of the crew is 198 lbs.; age 22 years, 4 mos.; height 5 ft. 11 1/2 in.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Political Economy is studied practically at John Hopkins, in reviewing the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, for 1880.

Amherst will have no valedictory or salutatory at her next commencement.

Evidently the tone of Smith College is gradually improving. Last year the girls smashed in the stiff hats of the serenading Amherst Glee Club with oranges. This year they deluged the Yale Club, it is said, with molasses candy, thereby saving the hats, and showing an admirable spirit of economy.—(*Am. Student*.)

Central Tennessee College has four students, and St. John's College, Arkansas, rejoices in two.

Boating is dead at Wesleyan, and the boat house has been sold at sheriff's sale.

The alumni association of the University of Penn. has appointed a committee to consider the project of founding a university club in Philadelphia, open to graduates of the university and also of other colleges. In the mittee five colleges are represented: E. B. Morris, representing University of Penn.; G. C. Rerves, Yale; H. H. Brown, Harvard; J. B. Henry, Princeton; and Wm. A. Platt, Trinity.

PERSONALS.

[It is particularly desired that the Alumni furnish us with all items of interest that may come to their knowledge, concerning every one who has been connected with the College.]

WILLIAMS, '35. The Rt. Rev. John Williams, D. D. LL. D., has begun the delivery of a course of lectures on the Bishop Paddock foundation, before the General Theological Seminary in New York. His subject is "The English Reformation."

LINDSLEY, '49. The annual report of the Connecticut State Board of Health contains a paper by Prof. C. A. Lindsley, M. D., on "Prevailing Methods of Sewage Disposal."

ARMSTRONG, '58. D. Maitland Armstrong is engaged in Art, at his country seat, near Marlborough, N. Y.

CADY, '60. J. C. Cady has been chosen Architect of the new opera house to be erected in New York City.

TREMAINE, '66. A sermon preached by the Rev. C. H. B. Tremaine, at the union Lenten services of the parishes in New Haven, was published in the *Register* of March 10th.

FERGUSON, '68. The Rev. Henry Ferguson is residing temporarily near San Gabriel, California.

GORDON, '71. The Rev. Thomas H. Gordon has accepted an election to the rectorship of the parish of the Holy Innocents, Oak Hill, St. Louis, Mo., and may be addressed accordingly.

GEORGE, '72. The Rev. J. H. George, Jr., has resigned the rectorship of the church in Pittsfield, N. H., and become rector of St. Paul's Church, Windsor Locks, Conn.,

GRAHAM, '72. The Rev. John Graham, has accepted the rectorship of St. Luke's parish, Haverstraw, N. Y.

SMALL, '74. The Rev. Edwin F. Small, has become rector of Trinity Church, Saco, and of Christ's Church, Biddeford, Me. He should be addressed at the former place.

BLACKMER, '78. W. C. Blackmer was admitted to the bar by the Justices of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, on the 4th of January.

The Hon. D. W. Pardee, LL. D., '40, and Mr. J. C. Hoadley, '51, have been re-elected by the Legislature of Connecticut, to serve with the Governor, as the State Library Committee.

In St. James Church, Glastonbury, Conn., by the Rev. W. F. Nichols, the Rev. Thos. H. Gordon, of the Diocese of Missouri, to Francis E., eldest daughter of Daniel Kingsbury, M. D., of Glastonbury, Conn. No cards.

The next TABLET will be issued April 9th. Contributions should be handed to the Managing Editor as early as possible.

EXCHANGES.

The *Amherst Student* is almost exclusively a local paper, and in that respect meets our idea of what a college periodical should be. Its leading editorial on "College Intemperance" puts a blow in the right place when it discountenances the suggestion of a "leading religious weekly," that the president of a college should pledge every student to total abstinence during his college course. Forced pledges and compulsory chapels are equally obnoxious to the average student. The column of communications show the interest that the students at Amherst manifest in their paper.

The *College Courier* prints an interesting and well written article on "The Moors in Spain." George Eliot is dead and buried, and the college and secular press have eulogized to their heart's content. *R. I. P.*—But lo! another subjects presents itself, and we are doomed to see Thomas Carlyle dissected by a hundred and one of our exchanges. The *Courier* is not behind, and presents an able eulogy.

The *Crimson* also has its say on this subject and dotes upon the relationship of Carlyle as foster-child to Harvard University.

The *Illustrated Scientific News*, published monthly in New York, comes to us for the first time. It is certainly one of the finest papers of the kind that we have ever seen. The illustrations are extremely neat and appropriate, and the subjects treated of are interesting. The usefulness of such a publication will be acknowledged by all.

"The immense superiority of the *Student Life* over the average college paper can best be seen by reading the two hundred and odd exchanges which are found, monthly, on our file. Insipidity, dullness and absolute gloom are the rule. * * * * We only know of one really good journal, which deserves to be read by all. Modesty forbids us to name it."—*Student Life*.

"*Student Life* is published at Washington University, St. Louis. It is illustrated, and is typographically the best of our western exchanges, and we had almost included the eastern ones, forgetting the *Harvard Register* which is now *facile princeps*."—*Williams Athenæum*.

PARTICLES.

A curious mistake was made by the printer of the *Hartford Times*. The College correspondent of that journal wrote the word "Ivy" in such a way that the printer read it "Jug."

Conundrum :

"Canst tell me what a bust becomes

When in the river set?"

A brilliant senior softly hums :

"Of course, a statue wet."

Wanted: A translation of Bacon's Advancement of Learning.

The Seniors are ready to receive sealed proposals for printing Chemistry Lectures. They reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

Hard Luck:

To learn a lesson honestly

And be supposed to skin;

To tell a tale that true may be

And have professors grin.

Student, reading Latin at sight: "*Ne liceat facere id quod quis vitabit agendo*, one may not do that which he will spoil in the doing. I guess then that I had better sit down."

How Pleasant:

To promenade in latest style

With "beaver" new and swell;

And have a snow-ball hit your tile,

Aimed swiftly and too well.

Freshman, to Junior, who is perusing a musty volume. "What are you reading, sir?"

Junior—"Comus."

Freshman—"What did Comus write?"

"I am translating you from the German" said a Senior to the fair one by his side, as they rolled away from the dance the other evening. "Not without a horse," she murmured, and quietly fainted.

Unfair:

To take an old and hackneyed joke

And dress it up anew;

In words a real live student spoke,

As some Exchanges do.

The next "German" will be held some time in Easter Week. The "Germans" have been very successful this year, and great interest is taken in these delightful entertainments.

The Dramatic Association have decided not to present the Burlesque of "Romeo and Juliet," this year.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

Can it be possible that two years and a half have elapsed since we, the class of '82, took our places as Freshmen in the college world? It must be so since now the management of the TABLET is entrusted to our care. — *Trinity Tablet*. Impossible! — *Princetonian*.

"We are grateful to the *Volante* for not inventing any items about Vassar. We would be glad to see a similar discretion in our other exchanges." — *Vassar Miscellany*. Right you are, Misçy! — *Acta*.

Prof.—"What is the use of bones in a whale's mouth?" Junior.—"People make corsets—" Prof.—"Your mind runs too much in that direction." — *Index*.

Greek Class.—Prof.—"Mr. R., give an example of the Cognate Accusative." Mr. R.—"I mowed down the down on my face." — *Ex*.

"We will now proceed to an examination," said the professor (a cold perspiration started out upon the foreheads of the class) "of the differences in longitude," he continued blandly, after shuffling his papers for a few moments. — *Ex*.

A Boston man has just been showing all the sights of that charming city to a New Yorker. "And now," says he, "tell me honestly is not this city thoroughly unique?" New Yorker: "Yes, indeed, *unus*, one, *equus*, horse." — *Echo*.

A leaf from a blue book, on which was the following effusion, was picked up in the yard Tuesday afternoon:

Oh, a student's life is the life for me,

A student's life so gay and and free;

For though there's care, and pain, and toil,

And much expense of midnight oil,

We still our compensations have.

When Bernhardt comes to the festive Globe,

When Salvini dons the tragic robe,

When Soldene doffs the jealous dress

That hides her shapely form—yes! yes!

We truly compensations have.

—*Echo*.

In the German recitation a few days since, Mr. B. gave the following unique rendering of the sentence, "Ich sagte ihm Dinge über die er sich vergass." "I called him a thing and he got mad." — *Amherst Student*.

1. What is an afternoon tea?

Seventy-five women plaguing two men. (This is a glittering generality, and the numbers may not be exact always.) — *Crimson*.